

ACTION

PICTURE
LIBRARY

No.6 One Shilling



**A SPY
THRILLER!**
**WHAT WAS THE SECRET
OF THE HOUSE IN
ISTANBUL?**

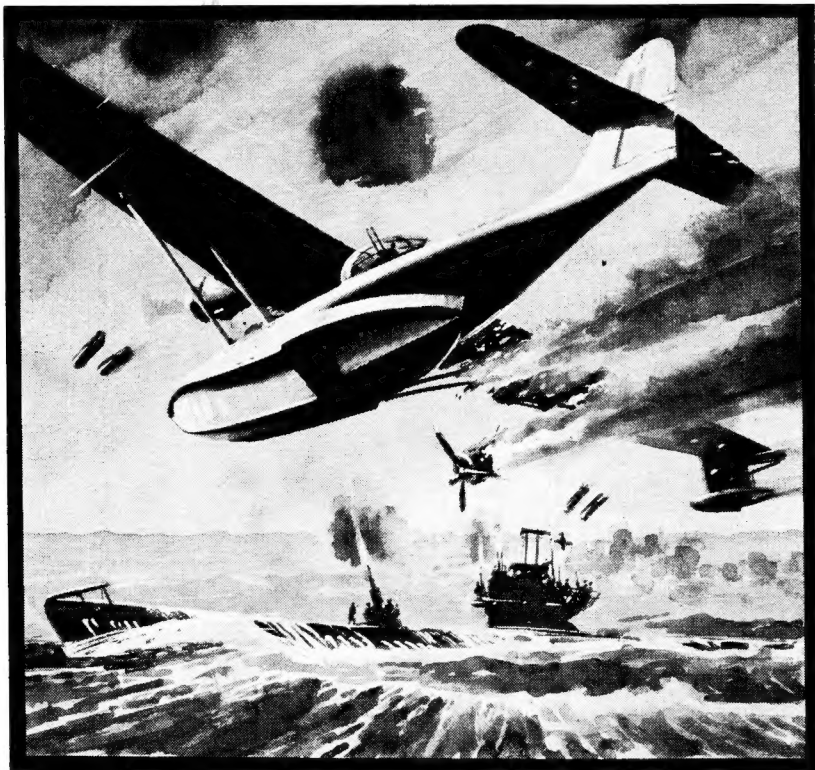
A dramatic illustration showing a man in a pink suit falling out of a car. He has a shocked expression and his hands are outstretched. In the background, another man in a yellow jacket is visible, holding a gun. The scene is set at night with a dark, moody atmosphere.

**TAKEN
FOR A RIDE!**

MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the heat of battle

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT DAVID E. HORNELL was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross for the gallant way in which he attacked an enemy U-Boat while on routine patrol just inside the Arctic Circle. After sighting the enemy Hornell began his bombing run, but at a distance of four miles the submarine opened up with a heavy concentration of fire, and the Catalina's starboard engine was shot away,



leaving the wing a mass of flames. Despite this Hornell pressed home the attack and dropped his depth-charges around the enemy vessel which almost immediately sank. Unable to return to base the aircraft was "ditched" and the crew took to the water. Several hours later a rescue launch picked them up, but Flight-Lieutenant Hornell had died from exposure during the harsh Arctic night.

TAKEN for a RIDE!

IT WAS THE LAST YEAR OF THE KOREAN WAR, AND AN R.A.F. RECONNAISSANCE PLANE, STREAKING HIGH OVER THE BLEAK KOREAN LANDSCAPE SHUDDERED AS ENEMY FLAK ZEROED ON TO IT!

THIS IS
IT, RAY.
WE'LL HAVE TO
EJECT!

OKAY,
BRAD!



FLYING OFFICER BRAD HARLAND WAITED UNTIL HIS OBSERVER HAD GONE AND THEN
EJECTED HIMSELF ...



THEN CAME THE DISASTER THAT IS THE NIGHTMARE OF ALL PARACHUTISTS. BRAD'S
PARACHUTE FAILED TO OPEN AND HE PLUMMETED DOWN ...



FOR A FEW MOMENTS HE FELT NO FEAR... ONLY THE EXHILARATION OF FREE FALLING. BUT THEN HE REALISED HE WAS PLUNGING TO HIS DEATH...



HIS OBSERVER, RAY FIELDING, SAW WHAT WAS HAPPENING AND PROMPTLY SPILLED AIR FROM HIS PARACHUTE SO THAT HE SWUNG CLOSE ENOUGH TO MAKE A GRAB FOR HIM...



THE PARACHUTE, UNDER THE DOUBLE STRAIN, SWUNG WILDLY, BUT THE STRONG NYLON ROPES HELD.



WE'RE
GOING TO
MAKE IT!

IF IT
WEREN'T
FOR RAY,
I'D BE A DENT
IN THE GROUND BY
NOW! I OWE
HIM MY
LIFE!

THEY HIT THE GROUND WITH A TERRIFIC THUD AND BRAD FELT RED-HOT PAIN SHOOT UP HIS ANKLE.



LET'S
GET TO HECK
OUT OF HERE.
THE HUKS
ARE MIGHTY
CLOSE.

YOU GO,
RAY! I'VE
TURNED MY
ANKLE - I CAN
HARDLY PUT MY
FOOT TO THE
GROUND.

LEAVE YOU -
NOTHING! I'LL
GET YOU UNDER COVER,
AND WE'LL HIDE TILL
DARK. THEN WE CAN MAKE
IT BACK TO OUR
OWN LINES.



THEY HAD HARDLY GOT INTO A NEARBY GULLY BEFORE THEY HEARD THE RATTLE AND CREAK OF EQUIPMENT AND THE CRUNCH OF FEET.



BRAD AND RAY DREW THEIR AUTOMATIC PISTOLS FROM INSIDE THEIR FLYING SUITS...



AT ALMOST POINT BLANK RANGE, THE STREAM OF BULLETS FROM THE AUTOMATICS SCYTHED INTO THE NORTH KOREANS...



AN AMERICAN HELICOPTER, PATROLLING OVER THE ENEMY LINES, HEARD THE FIRING.



THE "CHOPPER" TOUCHED DOWN WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE BRITISH AIRMEN, AND ITS BROWNING OPENED UP WITH A DEAFENING CHATTER.



THE YANKS HELPED BRAD INTO THE CHOPPER WHILE THE MACHINE-GUNNER KEPT THE ENEMY'S HEADS DOWN. WITHIN A MINUTE, THEY WERE LIFTING OFF...



AFTER THAT INCIDENT, THE BOND OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN BRAD AND RAY WAS STRONGER THAN EVER. THEY WENT ON LEAVE TO TOKYO TOGETHER...



BUT RAY OFTEN WORRIED HIS FRIEND DURING THAT LEAVE...





WHEN BRAD LEFT THE R.A.F., HE STARTED A PRIVATE FLYING AND PARACHUTE-JUMPING SCHOOL.

WHAT HAPPENS IF I JUMP, AND PULL THE RIP-CORD, AND THE PARACHUTE DOESN'T OPEN?

YOU JUST BRING IT BACK TO US, AND WE GIVE YOU A NEW ONE. NO EXTRA CHARGE.

BRAD HIMSELF BECAME A FREE-FALL EXPERT. STRANGELY, THE EXPERIENCE IN KOREA HAD SPARKED OFF AN INTEREST IN THE SPORT.

THIS IS THE NEAREST THING TO BEING A BIRD! IT'S FANTASTIC!

EVENTUALLY HE WENT AROUND THE COUNTRY, GIVING EXHIBITIONS.

AMAZING!

I DON'T
KNOW HOW HE COULD
DO IT!

I HARDLY
DARE WATCH!



HE WOULD WAIT UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT BEFORE
OPENING HIS PARACHUTE, AND HE WOULD LAND
WITHIN THE CHALKED CIRCLE NEARLY EVERY TIME...

HE'S DONE
IT AGAIN! I'VE
NEVER SEEN
HIM MISS!



OVER THE YEARS, BRAD GRADUALLY LOST TOUCH WITH RAY FIELDING – UNTIL ONE AFTERNOON, JUST AFTER HE HAD FINISHED A FREE-FALLING EXHIBITION...





THE AFFAIR PROMISED EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE, SO THREE DAYS LATER, BRAD ACCOMPANIED RAY TO SCOTLAND YARD.



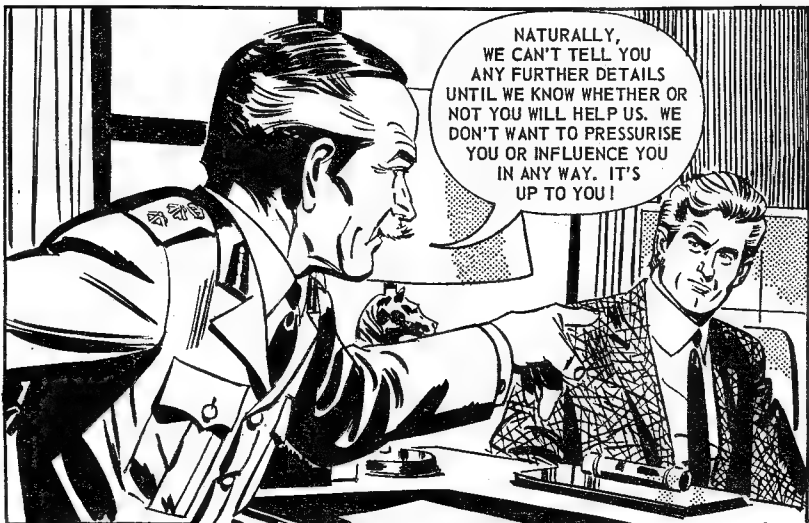


IT WAS COLONEL HAYDEN WHO DID MOST OF THE TALKING...

MISTER HARLAND, IT IS YOUR REMARKABLE SKILL IN FREE-FALLING THAT INTERESTS US. WE WANT A MAN WHO CAN DROP FROM AN AIRCRAFT ON TO A TALL BUILDING - AT NIGHT.

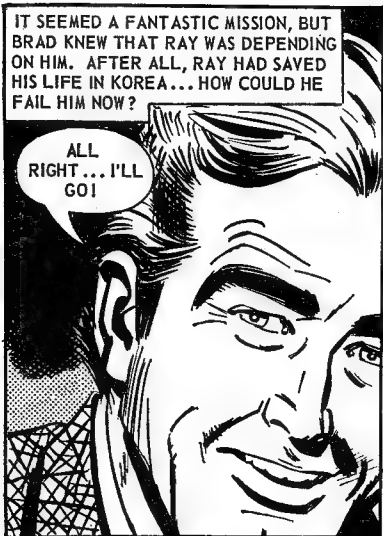


THE BUILDING IS THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE RUSSIAN SECRET SERVICE IN THE COUNTRY CONCERNED. YOU WILL LET FIELDING AND TWO OTHERS IN SO THAT THEY CAN PHOTOGRAPH CERTAIN SECRET DOCUMENTS...



IT SEEMED A FANTASTIC MISSION, BUT BRAD KNEW THAT RAY WAS DEPENDING ON HIM. AFTER ALL, RAY HAD SAVED HIS LIFE IN KOREA... HOW COULD HE FAIL HIM NOW?

ALL
RIGHT... I'LL
GO!



EVERYONE LOOKED PLEASED AND COLONEL HAYDEN AT ONCE LAUNCHED INTO DETAILS...

THE FOREIGN
COUNTRY IS TURKEY...
THE BUILDING IS IN ISTANBUL.
ONCE YOU HAVE LET IN FIELDING
AND HIS TWO COLLEAGUES,
YOUR PART IS OVER.
THEY DO THE CAMERA
WORK...



GETTING
IN SOUNDS
FINE. BUT HOW
DO WE GET
AWAY?

BY STEALTH,
IF POSSIBLE. IF
THAT FAILS, YOU USE
GAS GRENADES.

YOU CAN
LEAVE THAT
PART OF
IT TO US,
BRAD!



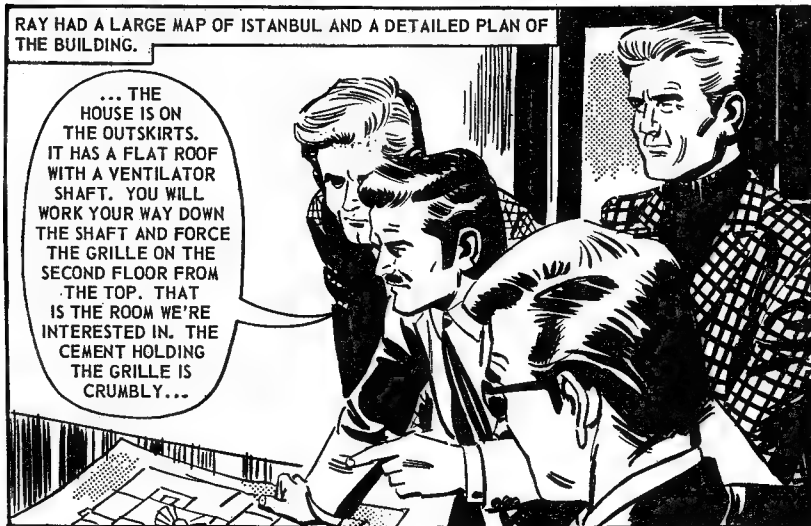
TWO DAYS LATER BRAD MOVED INTO THE HOUSE IN CURZON STREET AND MET THE TWO OTHER MEN, BRUCE HOWDEN AND GEORGE CAINE.



GEORGE HERE
IS AN EXPERT ON
OPENING SAFES OR
LOCKED
FILING CABINETS.
BRUCE IS OUR
MUSCLE-MAN.

RAY HAD A LARGE MAP OF ISTANBUL AND A DETAILED PLAN OF THE BUILDING.

... THE
HOUSE IS ON
THE OUTSKIRTS.
IT HAS A FLAT ROOF
WITH A VENTILATOR
SHAFT. YOU WILL
WORK YOUR WAY DOWN
THE SHAFT AND FORCE
THE GRILLE ON THE
SECOND FLOOR FROM
THE TOP. THAT
IS THE ROOM WE'RE
INTERESTED IN. THE
CEMENT HOLDING
THE GRILLE IS
CRUMBLY...





THEY STAYED AT AN HOTEL ON THE SHORES OF THE BOSPHORUS WHILE THEY COMPLETED THEIR PLANS...



WE'LL FLY
OVER THE HOUSE
AS LOW AS WE CAN,
SO THAT YOU CAN SIZE
UP THE SITUATION... AND
THEN OVER IT AT THE
HEIGHT YOU'LL DROP
FROM. IT'LL BE A
MOONLIGHT
DROP ...

THEY DROVE TO A SMALL PRIVATE AIRFIELD OUTSIDE THE CITY,
WHERE A CRAFTY-LOOKING TURK PILOT WAS WAITING FOR THEM...



THIS IS
HASSAN MENDIK...
ONE OF THE BEST
PILOTS IN THE
BUSINESS. HE KNOWS
EVERY STREET AND
EVERY HOUSE IN
ISTANBUL.

FROM THE AIR THE BUILDING SHOWED UP, WHITE AND SQUARE, ON THE EDGE OF A CLIFF BESIDE THE BOSPHORUS.

THAT'S IT!

I'VE GOT IT. THE ROOF CERTAINLY MAKES A GOOD TARGET.

THEN CAME THE BIG NIGHT! THE MOON HAD NOT YET RISEN WHEN, IN A DARK CORNER OF THE AIRFIELD, BRAD ADJUSTED HIS PARACHUTE. HE HAD A GAS-MASK SLUNG AROUND HIS NECK, A VERY LIGHT AND STRONG ROPE LADDER, OF WOVEN NYLON, AROUND HIS WAIST.

WE WAIT TILL MOON COMES UP, YES?

YES. THE ARRANGEMENT IS FOR ME TO DROP TEN MINUTES AFTER MIDNIGHT. THE OTHERS WILL BE IN POSITION BY THEN.

N7

ESTHMSUL

THE PLANE TOOK OFF, GAINED HEIGHT AND TOOK TWO DUMMY RUNS OVER THE TARGET AREA WITH ENGINES CUT OFF. THEN CAME THE THIRD RUN...



BRAD LEAPED — INTO THE STRANGEST AND MOST PERILOUS CRISIS OF HIS ADVENTUROUS LIFE.



JUDGING THE DISTANCE WITH COOL SKILL HE PULLED THE RIP-CORD - AND THE RING JAMMED! THIS WAS KOREA ALL OVER AGAIN!

HECK!
WHAT A
TIME FOR A
HANG-UP!



BUT EVERY FREE-FALL PARACHUTIST CARRIES AN EMERGENCY 'CHUTE. THAT OPENED... AND THE JERK NEARLY DISLOCATED HIS SHOULDERS.

PHEW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!



HE LANDED DEAD CENTRE...



HE SLIPPED OUT OF HIS HARNESS AND FOUND THE VENTILATOR JUST WHERE RAY SAID IT WOULD BE. WITHIN SECONDS, HE WAS SQUEEZING INTO THE SHAFT...



HE WRIGGLED DOWN THE STEEPLY SLOPING SHAFT TILL HE CAME TO THE GRILLE THAT OPENED ON THE SECOND ROOM FROM THE TOP...



ONCE AGAIN RAY'S INFORMATION PROVED CORRECT, FOR THE GRILLE CAME AWAY QUITE EASILY. NEXT MOMENT, BRAD WAS IN THE ROOM AND CREEPING QUIETLY ACROSS TO THE WINDOW.



HE UNWOUND THE NYLON LADDER FROM HIS WAIST, MADE ONE END FAST TO A CHAIR WHICH HE PLACED UNDER THE WINDOW, THEN DROPPED THE REST OF IT THROUGH THE WINDOW...



THIS SIDE OF THE BUILDING WAS IN THE DEEP SHADOW
THROWN BY THE NEWLY RISEN MOON. RAY FIELDING
AND HIS TWO ACCOMPLICES CLAMBERED UP IT
SILENT AND UNSEEN...



RAY WAS THE FIRST INTO THE ROOM. HE WENT
STRAIGHT FOR THE BIGGEST OF THE FILING CABINETS...



AS SOON AS THE LAST MAN WAS IN THE ROOM, BRAD CLOSED THE SHUTTERS. BY THE LIGHT OF A POWERFUL TORCH, RAY AND CAINE BEGAN TO EXAMINE THE CONTENTS OF THE FILING-CABINET.



THE WAITING SEEMED AGONISINGLY LONG AS RAY AND CAINE TOOK THEIR MICROFILMS...



THEN BRUCE HOWDEN WHISPERED
AN URGENT WARNING...

HEY, THEY'VE
FOUND THAT GUARD
WE CLOBBERED!
THERE'S QUITE A
STINK GOING ON
DOWN THERE - WE
CAN'T GET OUT
THAT WAY.

OKAY.
WE GO DOWN
THROUGH THE
BUILDING. PUT
ON YOUR GAS-
MASKS!

THEY MOVED OUT INTO A CORRIDOR AND RAN
LIGHTLY DOWN THE FIRST FLIGHT OF STAIRS.
RAY LED THE WAY.



A PARTY OF BURLY PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY MEN CAME RUSHING FROM A
DOORWAY TO MEET THEM... AND RAY WHIPPED OUT A GLASS CONTAINER FROM
HIS POCKET AND TOSSED IT ON TO THE FLOOR...



AS THE FOUR CLATTERED DOWN THE NEXT FLIGHT, AN ALARM BELL STARTED TO RING. THEY REACHED THE GROUND FLOOR AND A MAN IN UNIFORM DASHED TOWARDS THEM.



FROZEN WITH HORROR, BRAD SAW THERE WAS AN AUTOMATIC IN BRUCE HOWDEN'S HAND. IT BANGED DEAFENINGLY, AND THE M.P. CLUTCHED HIS STOMACH AND FELL ON HIS FACE...



HOWDEN WAS OPENING THE DOOR ALMOST BEFORE THE M.P. HAD HIT THE FLOOR. BRAD, SHOCKED AND BEWILDERED, WAS PUSHED FORWARD BY RAY...



STILL IN A DAZE, BRAD FOUND HIMSELF OUTSIDE. SOMETHING WAS TERRIBLY WRONG, BUT THERE WAS NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS OR EXPLANATIONS. LIGHTS WERE GOING ON EVERYWHERE. THERE WERE SHOUTS AND A SCATTERING OF SHOTS...



A CAR WAS WAITING IN A DARK LANE. BRAD HESITATED... AND RAY'S GUN JABBED HIM IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK...

GET IN...
NO ARGUMENTS! I'D
HATE TO SHOOT YOU,
OLD BOY, BUT I WILL IF
YOU START ANY
FUNNY BUSINESS.



THE CAR SHOT FORWARD, AND AS IT SWUNG AROUND A CURVE, ITS HEADLIGHTS LIT UP A LARGE NOTICE BOARD...



NATO
HEADQUARTERS!
THEY TRICKED
ME!



AS THE CAR SPED THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS OF SUBURBAN ISTANBUL AND OUT INTO OPEN COUNTRY, RAY FIELDING BEGAN TO EXPLAIN.

SORRY ABOUT THIS, BRAD. BUT YOU'VE JUST HELPED US PHOTOGRAPH PLANS OF THE YANKS' LATEST ANTI-SUBMARINE TRACKING DEVICE. YOU'RE IN IT UP TO THE NECK!



BRAD FELT HE WAS IN SOME SORT OF NIGHTMARE. IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE THAT THIS WAS HIS ONE-TIME FRIEND AND COMRADE.

YOU TREACHEROUS SWINE! YOU'RE WORKING FOR SOME FOREIGN POWER!

THAT'S RIGHT. WE TOOK YOU FOR A RIDE, BRAD! WE HAD TO. YOU WERE THE ONE MAN WHO COULD DO THIS JOB.



BUT ... BUT COLONEL HAYDEN ... AND SUPERINTENDENT COLFAX?

IMPOSTORS, OLD BOY. OUR TWO BOYS WENT INTO THE YARD ON SOME PRETEXT, AND CAME OUT PRETENDING THEY WERE PART OF THE OFFICIAL PERSONNEL. THE HOUSE IN CURZON STREET IS OURS, TOO.



AT THAT MOMENT THE SPEEDING CAR HIT A BUMP,
AND THREW RAY UP AGAINST THE ROOF...



FOR A MOMENT, THE DRIVER LOST CONTROL AND THE
CAR SWERVED AND RAN OFF THE ROAD...



THE REAR WHEEL HIT A BOULDER AND THE TERRIFIC JAR BURST THE DOOR OPEN. BRAD WAS FLUNG OUT, WHILE RAY SAVED HIMSELF BY GRABBING THE OPEN DOOR.



AS BRAD SPRAWLED, DAZED, RAY JUMPED AND RAN TOWARDS HIM. THE PISTOL IN HIS HAND SWUNG DOWN...



THE CAR HAD SKIDDED TO A HALT. GEORGE CAINE LOOKED BACK AND RIPPED OUT A SAVAGE OATH...

DON'T FOOL WITH HIM, RAY... HE'S TOO DANGEROUS! KILL HIM!

OKAY. LEAVE HIM TO ME!



BRAD, HALF STUNNED, WAS AWARE OF RAY STANDING OVER HIM. THEN FLAME SPAT FROM THE MUZZLE OF THE GUN AND BRAD FELT THE HOT BLAST OF THE BULLET...

HE'S MISSING ON PURPOSE. RAY'S ONLY PRETENDING TO SHOOT ME...



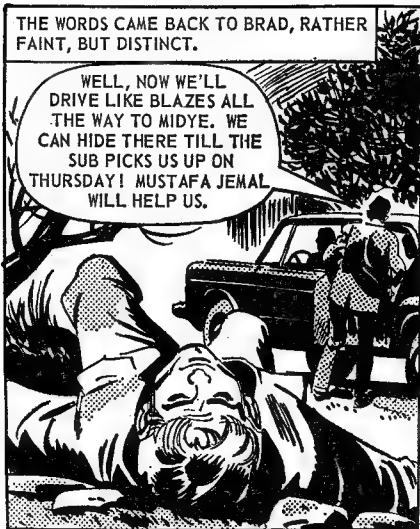
BRAD LAY QUITE STILL AND RAY WALKED BACK TO THE CAR...

WELL, I'VE SHOT HIM! I HATED TO DO IT, BUT YOU'RE RIGHT, GEORGE. HE WAS TOO DANGEROUS!



THE WORDS CAME BACK TO BRAD, RATHER FAINT, BUT DISTINCT.

WELL, NOW WE'LL
DRIVE LIKE BLAZES ALL
THE WAY TO MIDYE. WE
CAN HIDE THERE TILL THE
SUB PICKS US UP ON
THURSDAY! MUSTAFA JEMAL
WILL HELP US.



HIS HEAD SPLITTING, BRAD WATCHED
THE CAR DRIVE OFF. A FEW MINUTES
LATER, A CAR, FULL OF AMERICAN
M.P.s, CAME SCREAMING AROUND THE
BEND...

THEY
HAVEN'T
SEEN ME...



MORE AMERICANS FOLLOWED IN JEEPS, HOWEVER, AND AS BRAD
TRIED TO CRAWL AWAY, HE WAS SEEN...

THAT'S
ONE OF
THE GUYS!
AFTER
HIM!



BRAD TRIED TO RUN, BUT HE WAS SO BADLY DAZED THAT HE STAGGERED A FEW PACES AND FELL. THE AMERICAN MILITARY POLICE HAULED HIM TO HIS FEET...



THEY TOOK BRAD BACK TO NATO HEADQUARTERS. THERE HE WAS GRILLED BY BRITISH AND AMERICAN SECURITY MEN...



... DO YOU SERIOUSLY EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS THE RUSSIAN K.G.B. HEADQUARTERS? DO YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE WORKING FOR THE RUSSIANS?

I WAS CONNED INTO IT BY A MAN I TRUSTED IMPLICITLY. BY A MAN WHO'D SAVED MY LIFE...



THAT'S THE TALLEST
STORY I'VE EVER HEARD
— AND IT'S ONE YOU'LL
BE TELLING TO A JUDGE
SOON. YOU'RE GOING UP
ON A CHARGE OF
ESPIONAGE, CHUM!

... AND MURDER,
CAPTAIN! ONE OF OUR
GUYS WAS KILLED,
REMEMBER!



AT LAST THE GRILLING ENDED...

WE'RE HANDING YOU
OVER TO THE TURKISH
AUTHORITIES, AS WE HAVE NO
JURISDICTION IN TURKEY. BUT
IF THE TURKS DON'T FIND YOU
GUILTY OF MURDER, WE'LL
APPLY FOR AN EXTRADITION
WARRANT.

YOU WON'T
FIND THINGS VERY
COMFORTABLE IN
THE ISTANBUL GAOL,
MY FRIEND!

IN HIS CELL IN AN ISTANBUL PRISON, BRAD HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO PONDER OVER HIS DESPERATE PLIGHT...

THE ONLY CHANCE I'VE GOT OF CLEARING MYSELF IS TO GET RAY AND HIS PALS, AND FORCE THE TRUTH OUT OF THEM. I WISH I COULD REMEMBER THE NAME OF THAT PLACE RAY SPOKE ABOUT...



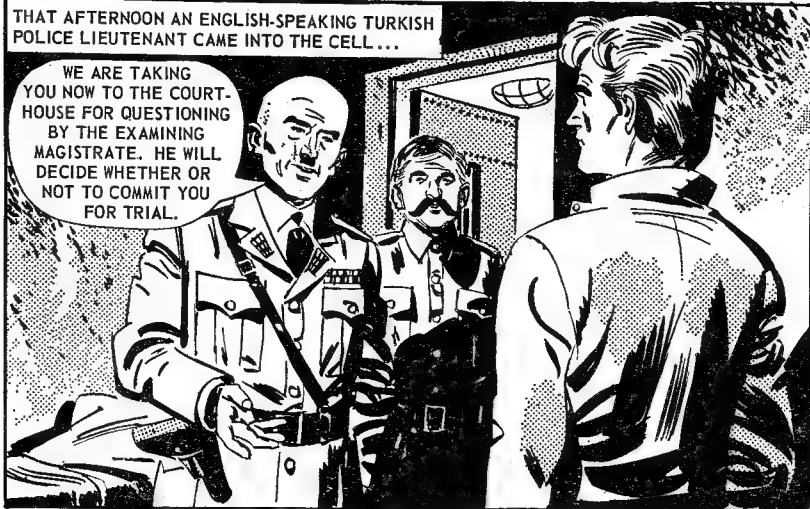
HE BEGAN TO PACE THE CELL LIKE A CAGED ANIMAL.

ANYWAY, THE NATO SECURITY CROWD WOULDN'T BELIEVE A YARN ABOUT A SUB PICKING THE GANG UP AT SOME PLACE WHOSE NAME I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER...



THAT AFTERNOON AN ENGLISH-SPEAKING TURKISH POLICE LIEUTENANT CAME INTO THE CELL...

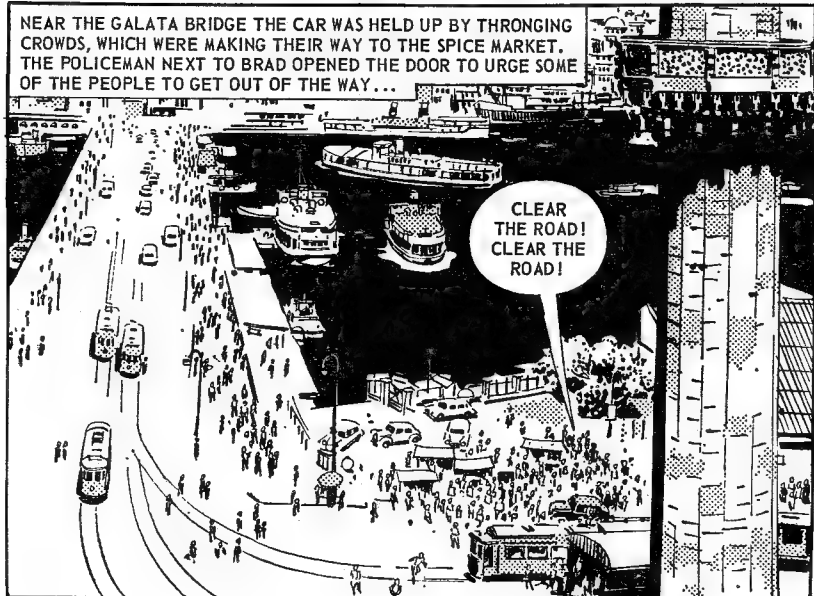
WE ARE TAKING YOU NOW TO THE COURT-HOUSE FOR QUESTIONING BY THE EXAMINING MAGISTRATE. HE WILL DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT TO COMMIT YOU FOR TRIAL.



BRAD WAS TAKEN OUT TO A CAR, AND SAT IN THE BACK BETWEEN TWO TURKISH POLICEMEN. THE POLICE LIEUTENANT SAT IN FRONT WITH THE DRIVER...



NEAR THE GALATA BRIDGE THE CAR WAS HELD UP BY THRONGING CROWDS, WHICH WERE MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE SPICE MARKET. THE POLICEMAN NEXT TO BRAD OPENED THE DOOR TO URGE SOME OF THE PEOPLE TO GET OUT OF THE WAY ...



BRAD SEIZED HIS CHANCE AND GAVE THE POLICEMAN
A TREMENDOUS SHOVE IN THE BACK...

ERRGH!



IN A FLASH BRAD WAS OUT AND DIVING INTO THE CROWD.
THE OTHER POLICEMAN DREW HIS REVOLVER, BUT
COULD NOT SHOOT WITHOUT HITTING INNOCENT
BYSTANDERS...

DUR! DUR!
STOP!



WHEN THE POLICEMEN TRIED TO PURSUE BRAD THEY FOUND THEMSELVES HEMMED IN BY THE ANGRY CROWD, WHO NEVER HAD MUCH LIKING FOR THE POLICE AT ANY TIME...



ONCE OVER THE BRIDGE, BRAD THREADED HIS WAY THROUGH THE BUSY STREETS, MAKING FOR THE HAIDAR PASHA RAILWAY STATION. A BUILDER'S LORRY WENT TRUNDLING BY... AND BRAD'S MEMORY CAME BACK...



MIDYE! THAT'S THE NAME OF THE PLACE I WAS TRYING TO THINK OF! THAT'S WHERE RAY AND THE OTHER TWO WERE GOING. AND THERE WAS TALK OF A MUSTAFA JEMAL...

IN THE RAILWAY STATION HE FOUND A BIG DISPLAY MAP OF EUROPEAN TURKEY, WITH ROADS AND RAILWAYS CLEARLY MARKED...



THERE'S MIDYE... ON THE BLACK SEA COAST. BUT I'VE ONLY GOT TONIGHT AND TOMORROW MORNING TO GET THERE...

HE NEEDED TRANSPORT. THEN HE REMEMBERED PASSING A NATO MILITARY POLICE POST...

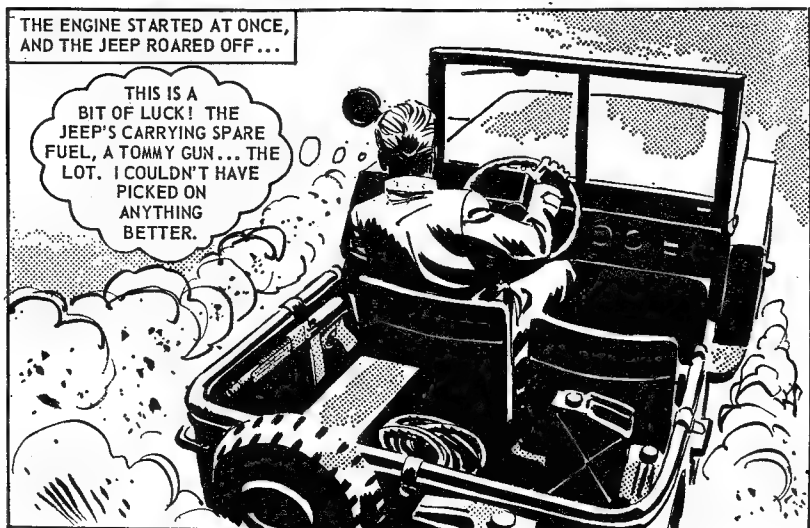


THERE WERE SEVERAL JEEPS OUTSIDE... AND THEY'RE BOUND TO BE FUELLED UP. IF I COULD ONLY GRAB ONE OF THEM...

IT WAS GETTING DARK WHEN HE REACHED THE POLICE POST. AN AMERICAN FLAG HUNG FROM A FLAG-POLE, BUT THERE WAS NO SENTRY...



THAT END JEEP WILL DO ME NICELY.



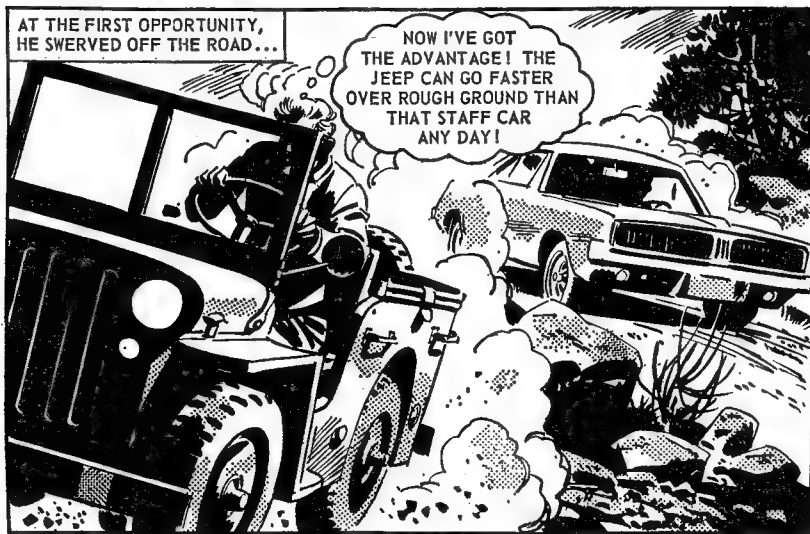
HE TOOK THE FIRST CORNER AT SPEED, AND DOUBLED BACK ON HIS TRACKS BEFORE EMERGING ON TO THE MAIN ROAD RUNNING NORTH. THEN HE FOUND THAT A POWERFUL SALOON CAR WAS OVERHAULING HIM FAST.

THAT'S THE STAFF CAR THAT WAS OUTSIDE THE NATO H.Q., I DON'T STAND A HOPE AGAINST THAT BIG BOY — ON A GOOD ROAD.



AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY, HE SWERVED OFF THE ROAD...

NOW I'VE GOT THE ADVANTAGE! THE JEEP CAN GO FASTER OVER ROUGH GROUND THAN THAT STAFF CAR ANY DAY!



DRIVING FLAT OUT AND TAKING HAIR-RAISING RISKS, BRAD SHOOK OFF HIS PURSUERS...

I'LL GET A
CONFESSION OUT OF RAY...
IF IT'S THE LAST
THING I DO!



THE MOON HAD RISEN BEFORE HE SAW THE STEELY EXPANSE OF THE BLACK SEA AHEAD OF HIM. THERE WAS A SMALL TOWN ON THE STEEP SLOPE OF THE HILLS OVERLOOKING THE SHORE.

THAT'S MIDYE.
AND THE MEN I
WANT ARE THERE
SOMEWHERE! BUT
WHERE?



HE PARKED THE JEEP AMONGST SOME TREES ON THE OUTSKIRTS AND SLEPT TILL DAWN. THEN HE FOUND SOME MEN WORKING ON A ROAD. HE MENTIONED THE NAME OF MUSTAFA JEMAL - THE NAME OF THE MAN RAY HAD SPOKEN OF - AND THEY LOOKED AT EACH OTHER STRANGELY...

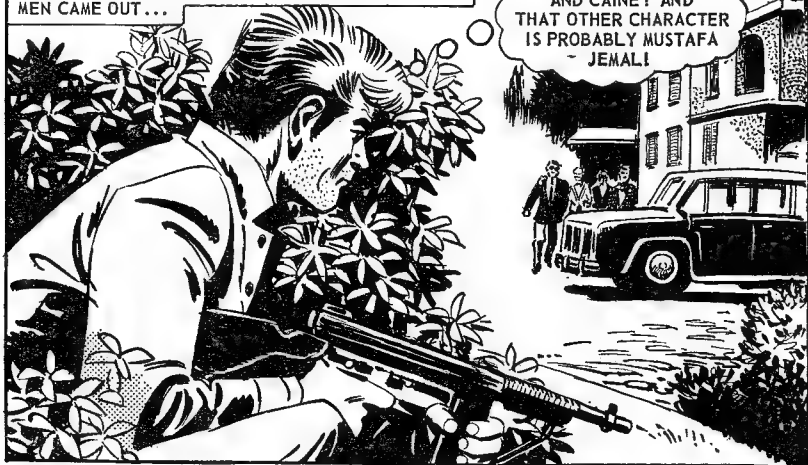
MUSTAFA
JEMAL? THERE!
THERE!



THE WORKMAN HAD INDICATED A NEARBY VILLA. BRAD TOOK THE TOMMY GUN AND SPARE CLIPS OF AMMUNITION, AND SET OFF TOWARDS IT. SOON...



HE WAS WITHIN A HUNDRED YARDS OF IT WHEN THERE WAS MOVEMENT AT THE SIDE OF THE VILLA. FOUR MEN CAME OUT...



BRAD STARTED DOWN THE SLOPE TOWARDS HIS QUARRY, BUT RAY AND HIS TWO CONFEDERATES GOT INTO THE CAR AND DROVE OFF...

HECK! THEY'RE OFF ALREADY. I MUSTN'T LET THEM GET AWAY NOW!



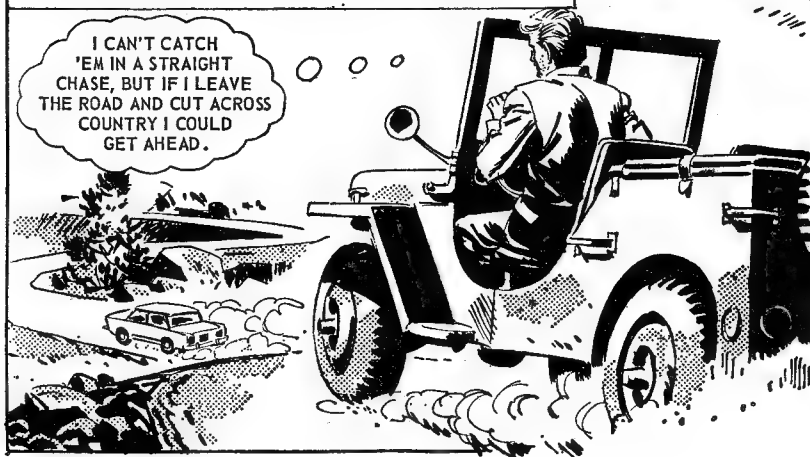
HE RACED BACK TO THE JEEP AND STARTED OFF IN PURSUIT...

THEY SEEM TO BE MAKING FOR THE COAST ROAD. WELL, THEY'LL BE EASIER TO FOLLOW...



FROM SOMEWHERE INLAND CAME THE CLATTER OF A LOW-FLYING HELICOPTER, BUT ALTHOUGH BRAD HEARD IT HE WAS FAR TOO INTENT ON THE CHASE TO PAY MUCH HEED...

I CAN'T CATCH 'EM IN A STRAIGHT CHASE, BUT IF I LEAVE THE ROAD AND CUT ACROSS COUNTRY I COULD GET AHEAD.



ONCE AGAIN HE DROVE OFF THE ROAD, SENDING THE STURDY JEEP BOUNDING OVER ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE COUNTRY...



BUT ALTHOUGH HE DROVE LIKE A MANIAC, BRAD JUST FAILED TO GET AHEAD OF RAY'S CAR. HE CLOSED THE GAP, HOWEVER.



BRAD RAMMED THE TOMMY GUN THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, STEADIED THE GUN AND FIRED A BURST...



AS THE BULLETS SANG PAST, RAY LEANED FROM THE CAR WINDOW AND OPENED FIRE WITH HIS AUTOMATIC.



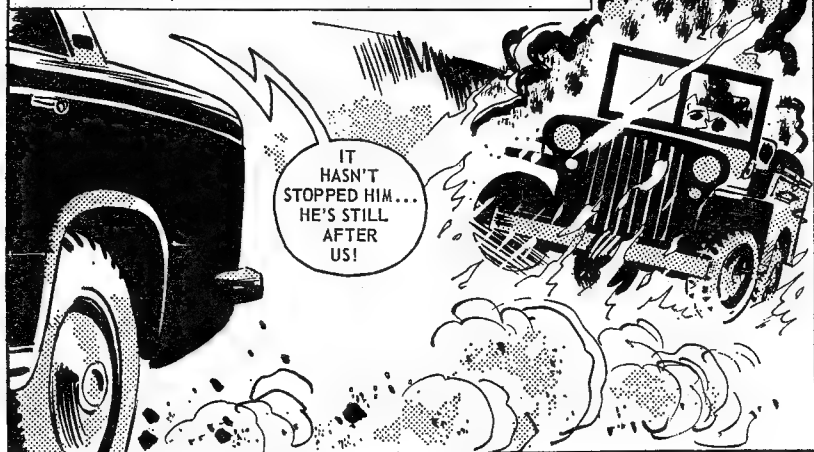
RAY'S CAR WAS PULLING AHEAD WHEN ONE OF BRAD'S BULLETS PUNCHED THROUGH A REAR TYRE. THE CAR SWERVED DANGEROUSLY.

STEP ON IT, GEORGE! WHY THE HECK ARE YOU SLOWING DOWN?



CAN'T HELP IT ... THE SWINE'S HIT A TYRE!

CURSING, RAY PULLED A NAPALM GRENADE FROM HIS POCKET, AND HURLED IT IN THE PATH OF THE JEEP. A SHEET OF FLAME SHOT ACROSS THE ROAD, BUT BRAD DROVE STRAIGHT THROUGH IT...



NOW BRAD'S BLOOD WAS UP. HE KEPT AFTER THEM LIKE AN AVENGING ANGEL —





RAY LASHED OUT AT HOWDEN, WHO FELL BACK
AGAINST THE DRIVER ...

UGH!



HOPELESSLY OUT OF CONTROL, THE CAR SWERVED AND
SMASHED THROUGH THE WOODEN RAIL AT THE CLIFF EDGE...

AAAGH!



IT SOMERSAULTED... HIT A LEDGE... AND BOUNCED
OFF INTO SPACE...



BRAD BRAKED AND
SCRAMBLED FROM THE JEEP...



AS BRAD BEGAN TO SCRAMBLE DOWN THE CLIFF, RAY GROANED AND NEARLY ROLLED OVER THE EDGE.

HECK!
HE'LL KILL
HIMSELF IF
I DON'T
GET DOWN
THERE IN
TIME!

RAY WAS BARELY CONSCIOUS... BUT A FEEBLE GRIN TWISTED HIS ASHEN LIPS AS HE STARED UP AT BRAD.

WELL,
OLD BOY...
YOU'VE WON...
AFTER
ALL...

THE OFFICERS FROM THE NATO SECURITY FORCES WHO HAD BEEN GUIDED AND DIRECTED BY THE HELICOPTER EVER SINCE THEY HAD TRACED BRAD TO MIDYE, NOW ARRIVED ON THE SCENE...

WE'VE
GOT HIM
NOW!

THEY HAULED BOTH BRAD AND RAY TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF. ONE OF THE SECURITY OFFICERS BROUGHT OUT A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS AND BRAD'S HEART SANK.

I'VE HAD IT!
THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE
MY STORY AND I'VE
PROVED NOTHING!



THEN RAY, WHO BRAD HAD THOUGHT WAS DEAD, WHISPERED FEEBLY...

HE... HE'S DONE NOTHING.
WE FOOLED HIM. HE THOUGHT...
HE WAS WORKING FOR YOU PEOPLE...
NEVER HAD ANYTHING TO DO... WITH
SHOOTING THE M.P. THE
MICROFILM... MY POCKET...



SIX WEEKS LATER, BRAD HARLAND WAS INVITED TO SCOTLAND YARD. THIS TIME HE WAS INTERVIEWED BY THE REAL COLONEL HAYDEN AND THE REAL CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT COLFAX...



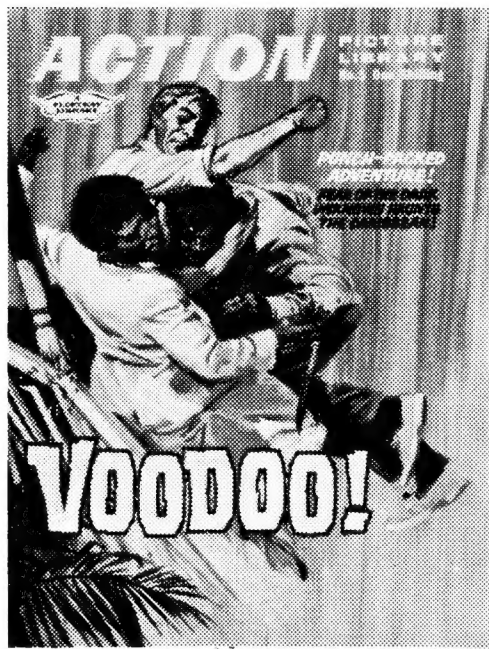
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